

Beads of  
Namaqua

And  
Other Poems



Jean Milne Gower

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# The Beads of Namaqua

Land of the Westering Sun

Skylines



By

Jean Milne Gower



BY JEAN MILNE GOWER

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THE KALEIDOSCOPE

(Little Pictures of Colorado)

BEADS OF NAMAQUA

LAND OF THE WESTERING SUN

SKYLINES

ECHOES FROM CLIFF DWELLINGS

(Versicles of the Mesa Verde)

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# The Beads of Namaqua

Files of black ants issue forth from their tunneling,  
Changeless, yet avid apostles of change,  
Bear they small spheres forming unthreaded rosaries  
Clutched in their scrawny, bent arms as they range  
Out toward the plains. It is beads they are carrying,  
Red, green and blue, black and orange, white, yellow.  
Whence come these burdened ones? Whither now  
fare they,

Clamb'ring from darkness to limpid light mellow?  
Resting against picket closure where roses  
Amble at will over piled stones, I muse:  
"This is some strange, long-forgotten God's Acre,  
Someone's last resting place."

Now, as I lose  
Count of the present, an Indian maiden  
Steals from the Nowhere-land, grave eyes half smiling,  
Moccasined softly and garbed in fringed doeskin,  
Beaded with beads like those borne by ants filing  
Tirelessly on.

Comes the maid's voice like streamlet  
Gently caressing smooth pebbles: and, sometimes,  
Timid words seeking communion in rhymes  
Creep through the throbbing pulsations of rhythm.

"Hear you a tale of the village, Namaqua:  
Yonder where now sweep the grain fields it nestled,  
Nestled content in a fold of the foothills,  
Lapped by the river fresh sprung from the Rockies,  
Shaded by cottonwoods, alders and aspens,  
Canopied by Colorado's blue heaven.  
There, in his cabin of logs and adobe,  
Dwelt Mariana Medina, the half-breed,  
With his squaw wife nicknamed 'John' by their  
neighbors,  
Though her tribe called her the gentle 'Oseetah'  
After grey willows that fringe the Big Thompson.

Hear you a tale of Tiabe, the wild rose,  
Child of the Mexican half-breed and Indian :  
Born in Namaqua, here lived she and died she ;  
All that was mortal of her 'neath these boulders  
Lies with her treasures, her bow and her arrows,  
Things that were dear as a child to Tiabe—  
Rosary, ribbons, bright trinkets from Denver  
Where she had spent winter months in a convent."

Dreamily pauses the maid for a moment,  
Eyes far afield brooding over the plain,  
Dappled with cloud shadows drifting like quicksilver  
Under an arch spun of sunbeams and rain.  
Silent her warmly hued lips lie together  
Soft as two petals in perfumed repose ;  
Thick her dark hair in twin plaits falls austere-ly  
Down her fawn tunic gay beaded in rows—  
Beads—beads—the fellows in reds, greens and yellows,  
Beads, blue and orange and white, such as those  
Carried afar by the black ants now delving  
Under dull sand heaps far down the hillslope ;  
There, mayhap, building in underground palaces  
Gorgeous designs and mosaics of hope.  
Speaks now the maid again as though translating  
Scenes in mirage thwart her memory sky :  
Silent I sit lest my voice break the magic—  
Sever the present from days' long gone by.

"Out where the mountains and prairies are meeting,  
Grazed many cattle and tough, wirey bronchos,  
Tiabe's pinto, the gift of Medina,  
Trailed it in wake of his wagon long after  
She, the belov-ed was laid on the hillside.

This was a peaceful community seeking  
Homesteads, like settlers down in the valley ;  
Yon is the post-house where travelers tarried  
Resting on way from Cheyenne to the Southlands.  
Scarred are the buildings by enemy tribesmen,  
Raiding to sieze Mariana's possessions,  
Daring the Fort Collins troopers to catch them.



Still are there loop-holes where men placed their  
rifles  
Holding the fortress against all marauders.  
Many a night did the little Tiabe  
Muffle her ears from the crackle of rifles—  
Cringe gainst her mother at sound of the arrows  
Pinging their murderous way from the gullies."

Silent, again, falls the maiden and ponders  
Over the scenes of Tiabe's first years  
Then recalls deeds of the brave Louis Papas,  
Antoine, his brother, who knew naught of fears.  
These, her strong kinsmen who dwelt in Namaqua,  
Tilling the soil as the pale-faces till,  
Spending their leisure at little St. Louis  
Down in the valley.

Again, all is still—  
Haunting, uncanny, like wraith of a cadence  
Throbbing through silence with words 'gainst its will.  
Speaks she of Winter God's soft snow, Wahihi,  
Straight from the Peaklands the great snowy range;  
Speaks of the West-Wind which sweeps down the canon  
Bringing its ominous tidings of change;  
Speaks of the trapping of unhappy dumb things  
Tells how oft-times she has set captives free—  
Sent them off scampering back to their crannies;  
Sent them off fluttering back to their tree,  
Hymning their praise to the mountain, Heyaka,  
Making the heart of Tiabe rejoice.  
Now, sings the Maiden the "Joy-song of Springtime,"  
Light in her eye and soft lilt in her voice.

"Sing, Zitkalaska, pure white bird!  
Sing, little stars! Sing Olokson!  
Sing to Heyaka, the mountain!  
Sing to foothills, Hemayacam!  
Spring creeping up from the valley,  
Lit by the sand-lily's sheen;  
Spring creeping down from the mountain  
Following furry grey-green  
Forming Anemone's tippet—

Watch them as gayly they trip it  
On the new carpet of flowers  
Too small and too modest for naming,  
Blossoms whose life span is hours,  
Fleeting too quickly for taming.  
Later will come Mariposa,  
Triune in pure waxen beauty,  
Columbine, Wild Rose, and Bluebell,  
Shooting-Star, rend'ring sweet duty  
Leading minds up to sky pastures.  
Summer will bring Goldenrod,  
Sunflower, red-brown Coreopsis—  
All wafting incense to God.  
Autumn will flaunt golden foliage,  
Crimson Chokecherry ablaze,  
Rivaling Indian Paint-brush,  
Ling'ring past Summer's late ways.  
Still, dearest far to Tiabe  
Are Sand-lilies starring the grass,  
Lighting like holy wax tapers  
Ways that her young feet must pass.  
Sing of the stars that are little!  
Sing of Olokson, Maishi,  
Robin with ruddy breast throbbing!  
Sing of the stars of Tiabe!"

Pensive, she pauses; her song seeks the echoes  
As pale Kimimela, frail butterflies dart.  
Venture I greatly:

                                "O Maiden," I whisper,  
Tell me, did Romance find Tiabe's heart?"  
Answered she thus, as though she were speaking  
Unto herself or to one far apart:

"O little bud on the clematis swinging,  
O lush-fed blossom of wood hyacinth,  
Is it then Romance that makes you so fragrant—  
Pregnant with juices of insistent life?  
Yes, Romance sought out the Rose of Namaqua—  
Sought and awakened the heart of Tiabe.  
Always was she like her mother's own people,

Dreaming of highest ideals and traditions—  
Indian dreams before white men seduced him,  
Luring toward greed and new creeds of dishonor.  
Often, when mother and daughter sat weaving,  
Would they hold counsel about Hoimani,  
Valiant young law-maker, Oseetah's kinsman,  
Held now as hostage by hostile tribes northwards.  
Still, when his freedom was gained, he would claim  
her—

Claim the Wild-Rose he had not seen since childhood

When their betrothal was made.

Yes, he would seek her—

Take his Tiabe far off to the Northlands.

Always she visioned him, face towards the dawning,

Making his great invocation for guidance;

Always she saw herself marching beside him,

Leading to wide understanding their people—

Oldest and noblest blood on the great continent.”

Speaks now the maid of Tiabe's young womanhood,  
When with the star-flowers the flood of life came;  
Came like the freshets that sweep through the canon,  
Came like the wee flowers too fleeting to name.

Days upon days loped she off on her Pinto  
Straining her eyes 'cross the loverless plain,  
Longing for sight of her brave Hoimani,  
Longing for tasks that would come in his train.  
Pushed she her pinto far up toward the Parklands  
Seeking the unknown through sunshine or rain.

“Where is Tiabe?” oft asked Mariana,

“Why helps she not with the hay and the grain?”

“I will do double,” said gentle Oseetah,

“Dream-days for her will come never again.”

Ah, riderless pinto who bore her to dream worlds,  
You will feel always soft hand on your mane!

“Then, as the springtime was merging in summer,  
Met she on lonely trail, one day, a stranger;

He was not dark like the famed Hoimani,  
He was not swarthy like Louis and Antoine,  
He was not garbed like the vain, boasting cowboys,  
Nor was he rough like the drivers of ox-teams:  
His was the sensitive face of a poet,  
His was the rapt, pallid face of a dreamer,  
Russet, his hair, while his eyes held the shadows  
Found on the wing of a bluebird at dawning.  
Faint grew the heart of Tiabe with wonder—  
Wonder and joy 'neath the gaze of the stranger.  
This was no meeting where words serve a purpose,  
Blending of spirit and spirit are wordless.  
Each knew his hour and went forward to meet it  
Empty of all save the love that must greet it.  
Empty, her memory of brave Hoimani,  
Empty, her heart of uplift for her people;  
Empty, his mind of all lofty ambition;  
Full both, of God-bestowed force which they knew not  
Save by the stress of strange silence which held them.  
Day followed day bringing each its own wonders,  
There, where the river with ripples and thunders,  
Played to their waking hearts music, love-luring;  
There, in the canon where quaking asps flutter,  
Timidly following dark pines up the hillsides,  
There did these lovers commune with each other.  
She spoke but little while he told her frankly  
How, chafing at weakness of body,  
Westward he'd come seeking strength from the pine-  
trees:

Here, with his pen poised above virgin pages,  
Prayed he for Fame to crown genius untested.  
Now, that he'd met her, this child of the foothills,  
Hundredfold more must his grip on life tighten—  
Health must he capture before he dare wed her.  
Knowing no fear, the maid begged to stop near him,  
Stop at his lonely lodge far up the mountain,  
Nurse him through downcast days, love him and cheer  
him.

Good was it that this man loved her so truly  
That to resist this her innocent pleading  
Seemed strangely easy. Their guardian angels

Must have smiled often upon these two lovers.  
Through the long summer they learned many lessons :  
He studied wood-craft, strange minerals, flowers ;  
She learned of things never taught in a convent—  
Wonderful things in the books which he read her.

“If I shall go some fair day to your people,  
People who dwell in the wonderful Eastland,  
Then must I learn, that I need not disgrace you.”  
Thus spoke Tiabe, the rose of Namaqua.  
Silence again ;—now the voice of the maiden  
Comes softly murmuring, vague as a stream  
Slipping o’er silver sands smooth and undented,  
Accentless, toneless, like song in a dream :

One day a thunderstorm broke on the mountain,  
Jagged light played midst the crashing of thunder.  
Tiabe, fearing the storm for her lover,  
Sought a small cave in the wall of the canon.  
Cloudbursts upstream sent great cataracts pouring  
Into the river ; and there, ever higher,  
Rose the mad waters to swirl round their cavern.  
It had been trap planned by demons to tempt them !  
Sheer walls surrounded the mouth of their stronghold  
Steps that led to it were now submerged deeply,  
Swallowed by insolent flood in its tirade.  
Over the creek they could see Nisimaha,  
Poor frightened pinto, just scrambling to safety.  
Higher and higher the waters came creeping  
Now to their ankles, their knees, to their shoulders ;  
Chilled were their hearts, but their brave eyes were  
smiling.

Then of a sudden Tiabe remembered  
How she had broken her troth—all unwitting—  
Broken faith wholly with young Hoimani,  
Lost for his people all beautiful zeal.  
And this misleading of her dear beloved,  
Was not this worthy of death—this deception ?  
Conscience called loudly, and there facing summons  
To the “Glad Hunting Grounds” made she confession.



Was there in all the world such a confessional?  
Was there in all the world such a confessor?

Sad grew his loving eyes—still understanding—  
Tiabe's choice must be renunciation;  
Strove he to bring to her heart consolation.  
There was not much to say; Life asked the best of her;  
Death mocked at choice for self; Love could not perish.

Then from the cliff overhead there resounded  
Shouts echoed back from the walls of the canon,  
Beating back crisp, to the cave they rebounded.  
Thus heard Tiabe her father's voice calling,  
Antoine's and Louis', Oseetah's, another's—  
Someone's—whose was it? Some long-past reminder  
Mingled with present sounds. Then Pinto nickered—  
They would see Pinto and guess where to find her!  
Swift past the cavern's mouth slipped the looped lariat.  
Tiabe grasped it with fingers grown tense,  
Placed it about her love, numbed now, unconscious—  
His, the first chance for life; hers, recompense!  
O blessed penance! She gloried in making it—  
Risking her life in her dear one's defense.”  
Here my companion paused long in her story  
Ere she assuaged my unspoken suspense:

“High on the cliff the men felt the rope tauten;  
Wondering, saw they the form of a stranger  
Drawn o'er the precipice edge. But Tiabe—  
Where was Tiabe? Still down in that death-trap?  
“Up sprang the young chief—'twas he, Hoimani—  
Freed from his bondage, all eager and valiant.  
Rope knotted round him, he slipped down the cliff-  
side  
Only to clasp the dear bride of his dreaming  
In his strong arms as the flood dashed her toward  
him,  
Lifeless—not loveless—nay, she was not loveless.

“High on the sheer cliff he tenderly placed her,  
There at the feet of bereft Mariana,  
There at the feet of her mother, Oseetah,

Close by the stranger with russet hair dripping  
Over his closed eyes—dear eyes that Tiabe  
Loved, finding joy in deep shadows that borrowed  
Hues from the wing of a bluebird at dawning.”

Tears fill my eyes by these graves on the hillside  
Falling as Sol seeks the West's rocky rim,  
Painting its jagged edge gold, orange, crimson,  
Chanting in color a requiem hymn;  
While overhead clouds like ashes-of-roses  
Change into sombre shapes, misty and dim.

“Maiden,” I ask, “how have you in your young mind  
Stored all this fond lore of one who has passed  
Long, long ago to the Star-flowered Prairies?”  
Silence—the Maiden has vanished!

At last  
Mingling with murmur of stream in the meadow  
Comes her soft voice saying, “Did you not know?  
I am Tiabe, wild-rose of Namaqua;  
I linger always where sand lilies grow.”

Files of black ants hasten on with their burdens  
Lest night overtake them before tasks are done;  
Telling the beads of long, sorrowful ages,  
Burying deeply bright gleams from the sun.

## NOTES ON THE BEADS OF NAMAQUA

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Pronunciation and meaning of Indian words given in order of occurrence.

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- NAMAQUA—(Nah-mah-quah)—Old village at the foot of Big Thompson Canon, near Loveland, Larimer Co., Colorado.  
ADOBE—(A-doh-be)—Rude cement for building.  
MARIANA MEDINA—(Mah-ree-ah-nah) (Ma-dee-nah)—Actual character, Mexican and Indian half-breed.  
OSEETAH—(O-see-tah)—Grey willow.  
TIABE—(Tee-ah-be)—Wild rose.  
WAHIHI—(Wah-hee-hee)—Soft snow.  
HEKAKA—(He-kah-kah)—Mountain.  
ZITKALASKA—(Zit-kah-las-kah)—Pure white bird.  
OLOKSON—(O-lok-son)—Little stars.  
MAISHI—(Mah-ee-she)—Robin redbreast.  
KIMIMELA—(Kim-ee-ma-lah)—Butterfly.  
HOIMANI—(Ho-ee-mah-nee)—Maker of laws.  
NISIMAHA—(Nee-see-mah-hah)—My comrade.

This is a record of the early seventies and is partially true though the romance is fictional.

Louis Papas, a character mentioned in the story, is still living in the neighborhood of old Namaqua.

# Skylines

## BOUNDARIES

There is in every soul a skyline where Heav'n meets  
Unshriven things of Earth—man-made, man-  
thought—

Yet, tintured by God's dreams.

The souls of western men sense rugged boundaries  
And borrow strength from gold-shot quartz and  
granite,

With inspiration from the gleaming peaks  
And patience from the waiting, thirsting plain.

## FROM BEYOND

The Rockies marks apexes of our Land  
Piercing—almost—the ether of all spheres:  
Should we not stand upon our high estate  
List'ning with eager ears  
For teachings from beyond?

## THE CITY

For great achievement, choose a western skyline,  
Selfconscious, square-cut buildings blocked against  
the sky;

Smoke-stacks and chimneys combing through the  
clouds

And flag-poles rearing naked longitudes

Awaiting days of jubilee;

Slim lightning-rods drawing down fire from  
Heaven,

With Cross and spire invoking holier flame.

## VARIANT

And weather-vanes? Still, why should weather-  
vanes

In questing silhouette against the sky,  
Ask of the gentle breezes whence they come?

It is enough that they go whispering by  
To stir the blossoms on some gnarled old tree;

Enough, that they fill sails of lovers' boat—  
Lovers care not whence comes such luring sigh?

## INVITATION

I wander down abysmal city streets like canons, row  
on row,

Where men are filed away in numbered rooms,  
In numbered buildings along numbered streets:

God, what a life! while Mountains spread

Their invitations written in soft violet

Or jagged cobalt on a dreamy sky;

While pines lift up their greenery to the blue

And say, "All upward-reaching things are true."

## ON AZURE LIMNED

Life is in need of Trinities—among them, Faith,  
Work, Love—

To rear eternal structures. Should the clouds  
Bring Heaven to Earth, then might men cease to  
work

With naked hands to raise Earth up to Heaven.

Might not their classic columns crumble at Art's  
feet?

Their cupping domes no more fit civic things?

Behold them, limned on azure there,

Cathedral, peristyle and monument.

Ask curling wisps of opalescent smoke

Waving from humble chimney-pots their fellowship

To mountain ranges—ask wide-flung foothills,

Are these new things of town not making worthy  
skylines?



## VAGABOND

I would lie lowly on the pulsing sod  
Throbbing with growing things, a-thrill to make  
Wee skylines against the infinite dome of God,  
And I would hear their whisperings and wonder  
If they will not have greater victories won  
Than we who build vast pinnacles of blocks  
And say, "See, God, what WE have done."

## OLD PATTERNS

I'm dreaming now of Mesas in the Southlands,  
With relics of far days.  
Steps rock-hewn to cliff dwellings.  
Painted pottery, quaint baskets in neat rows.  
And, to the East, great herds of elk and bison  
Harried by Red Men in barbaric garb.  
Coyotes slink across the dawn and prairie-dogs  
Sit stiff, like wee drum majors on the mountain  
peaks  
Which they themselves have made to pose upon;  
Prickly-pear, yucca, cactus, tumble-weed  
Make blatant patterns on the face of space.

## CONTOUR

Oh, little lawless things that loom so large  
That dare to change the contour of a world,  
Earth felt its dream of chaos coming true  
When pride with Lucifer from Heaven was  
hurled.  
Came, darkness, doubt, despair of all things good  
A failing faith in things that life is bringing,  
Then—columbines! Birds trilling in a wood!  
A budding tree! God lives! The World is sing-  
ing

## WAVING LINES

Foothills with cottonwoods, choke-cherries, alders  
Perched on creek banks, while, further up, are  
    aspens  
Aquake and yearning toward intrepid spruces  
And veteran cedars, braced against the wind.  
Ghosts of old trappers bend 'neath packs of pelts;  
Poising for flight, are mountain-sheep and deer  
Before the spring of crouching mountain-lion:  
These show their shadows, fade and disappear.  
Across the plain, come covered wagons making  
Slow-moving skyline creeping toward the West.  
Soon, cabins, shanties, tents make friendly group-  
    ings  
Exulting in the belching smoke of smelters.  
Herds are vignetted on the tops of hills  
And, in the valleys by new water-ways,  
Grain paints her waving line of growing-gold.

## LESS THAN A THREAD

See noble cities, shaped to the ideals  
Of civic beauty blooming in men's souls;  
Immensities of space and glorious vision  
Built into that blessed thing called "home."  
And who so lucky as our Western townsman  
Who glimpses mountains between mortared walls?  
And who so happy as our boys whose planes  
    In silhouette against high heaven flying,  
Salute the rose-striped flag which sunset spreads  
    Across our golden West when day is dying?  
Life is a blend of Heav'n and Earth; but, when  
    Man's vista leads his eyes to heights, then is  
His soul in touch with strength—his skyline runs  
    Less than a thread between God's mind and his.

# Land of the Westering Sun

## VOICES OF MEMORY

There's a thudding of hoofs on the prairie,  
There's an odor of fresh-trampled sod,  
As Indians pass, crushing waxen sand-lilies,  
Star-flowers from the pastures of God.  
Oh, the scent of the sage-brush and chaparral  
Where buffalo and antelope run!  
Oh, wraiths of past days haunting free prairie ways  
In our Land of the Westering Sun.

## A CHILD SPEAKS

Tell me tales of Pueblos and Cliff-folk,  
Planting maize, making vessels of clay;  
Our earliest home-makers, not roving nomads  
Who strewed bleaching bones on their way.

## A MAIDEN

Coronado with swashbuckling Spaniards,  
Wrapped in vivid romance of Southlands,  
What mark did they leave on the desert?  
What gifts did they bring in their hands?  
They did not develop this Westland,  
They sought treasure-trove for old Spain;  
Tradition of daring adventure,  
Their bequest to our Mountain and Plain.

## A YOUTH

But what of explorers, of heroes like Pike,  
Of Gunnison, Fremont and Long?  
They left more than dreams on the snow-mantled  
peaks,  
Still echoing strains of their song.

## SPIRIT OF THE PEAKS

Our peaks, like the prows of great vessels  
Cleave infinite etheric seas,  
Spraying Freedom and health over dwellers below  
Through the pine-scented screen of the trees.  
O odorous cedar and balsam,  
O lush-growing ferns and bluebell,  
Anemone, columbine, frail mariposa,  
There's magic, past words, in your spell.

## A BOY

I like to hear tales of Kit Carson  
When "Westward Ho!" sounded the hail  
Of venturous trappers and hunters,  
Voyageurs on the Santa Fe Trail,  
These pathfinders breathe the West's spirit  
More than Spaniards in armor and mail.

## AN AGED MAN

I dream dreams of old Fifty-eight,  
Of Green Russell and Easter, gold-seeking,  
Of Pike's Peakers, brave Fifty-niners,  
I hear prairie schooners still squeaking,  
And, some times, when sunsets are golden,  
I listen and think God is speaking.

## VOICES OF '59 AND '60.

There's a crunching of wheels on the desert;  
The bull-whips crack sharp like a gun:  
Then, lo! over stretches of dead-level plains,  
See the Rockies neath westering sun!  
Ah, those dream-wonder mountains of promise  
Where rainbows of hope set their spans!  
Ah, the presage of days, when in sandy creek-beds,  
Men will find trace of gold in their pans!

### A MAN

Heavy problems faced pioneer farmers  
At the end of the Overland Trail:  
Plagues of grasshoppers, long droughts and hail-  
storms  
Had caused less staunch people to fail.  
They built canals, reservoirs, laterals,  
Bidding rich, thirsty land drink its fill  
Till the golden fields smiled from the lowlands  
Towards the gold mines and lodes neath the  
hill.

### VOICES OF PROGRESS

Oh, the laughing of streams from the canons  
As the wheels of new mills grind the grain!  
Oh, the sound of the reaping and threshing  
Sweeping up to the Hills from the Plain!  
Oh, the chopping of pines and the sawing of logs,  
As the smelters and cabins arise!  
And the Spirit of Westland from eyries of eagles  
Cries, "God helps the fellow who tries."

### A WOMAN

All unhindered by fence, ranchers' cattle  
Track the limitless ranges and eat  
The short grama grass neath the soap-weed and cactus  
Which the buffalo once found so sweet.  
O, ghost herds in spirit fields grazing,  
Elk, deer and all timid things fleet,  
Browse on in your star-sprinkled meadows of light;  
No Vandals can reach your retreat.

### VOICES OF THE RANGE

"Zip!" "Whoop!" "Bang!" The vain-glorious cow-  
boy  
As he mingles his work with his play,  
Firing volleys at prairie-dogs, rattlers, and coyotes  
And painting towns red on his way.  
But, alas, the roundup with its singeing of hair  
And the bleating of calves on the air!



## VOICES OF UNDERSTANDING

There's a sadness in all evolution  
When weaker things go to the wall.  
Will traditions of barbaric "Wild West"  
Lead our best selves to rise or to fall?  
For true courage, laud the dry farmers  
Whose tests of endurance last years;  
Search streets thronged with brave men and  
women  
Who smilingly wrestle with fears;  
Watch the health-seekers trusting our breezes  
Their conquering spirit to fan;  
See mountaineers, miners and plainsmen  
Testing Brotherhood of Fellow-man.

## CALL TO ART

Come, artists, with music and painting;  
Come, teachers, with ideals of glory;  
Come poets and singers, bestow every talent,  
Help to write our West's wonderful story.

## VOICES OF DEVOTION

Bright lights of our cities and hamlets,  
Like stars from the firmament flung,  
You are Odes to our Westering Sunland  
In Night's solemn silences sung:  
And creeping Dawn over the prairies,  
As young days come seeking our best,  
Bring close scent of sage-brush and chaparral,  
Incense to a glorious West.









